A Mornings Ramble: OR, Iſlington Wells Burleſq't.

SAted with *Love* and *Wine* laſt Night,
The Joys that yield us moſt Delight.
I took my Leave, and ſtole to Bed,
But Roſe this Morn with *Aching-Head*,
To eaſe my Pain, and take the Air,
I did to *Iſlington* Repair;
Where every Whore, and every Rogue,
Meet at the *Wells* ſo much in Vogue:
Reſolving with my ſelf to ſtay,
And drive an Hour or two away.
I entred in, and viewed the Place,
With every ſqueamiſh Breeding Face,
Of City Wives, who thither come,
Whilſt their poor *Cuckolds* wait at Home.
Hoping the *Springs* may do them Good,
To Purge their Veins, and clear their Blood.
When they alas have no Deſign,
Only to tipple off their *Wine*:
And treat thoſe Brawny Lads they Hire,
To do the Drudgery they require.
But walking on, I chanced to ſee
A pretty piece of Comedy.
A Spark in Gown and Slippers ſtood,
Courting a Wench who'd newly Spew'd:
Madam I Grieve, or I'me a *Turk*,
To ſee the *Waters* upwards Work.
And fear your Stomach is too Cold,
Since Purging Streams you cannot hold.
Take my Advice if you are ill,
To enter in, and take a Gill
Of cooling *Nants*, that may ſupport
The weakneſs of your Stomachs Fort:
And Faith and Troth I'le Treat you freely,
With that which I am ſure will Heal ye.
This offer was no ſooner made,
But being Miſtris of her Trade,
She ſoon accepts; when of a ſudden
She ſhook and Quak'd like any *Pudden*.
The reaſon ſtrait I could not tell,
But ſoon perciev'd her Guts Rebell:
And that which made her Spew before,
Now through her Tail Work't three times more.
With that ſhe Curſ't the fatal Hour,
And trudg'd away to Secret Bower.
In hopes when once ſhe had done her Stool,
Back to return and catch the Fool.
But powerful *Waters* Work't ſo faſt,
She thought ſhe ſhould have Purg'd her Laſt.
And e're ſhe reach't the place deſign'd,
As *Cotton* of his *Dido* feign'd,
A Yellow Aromatick Matter,
Dropt down her Heels comix't with Water.
When this I'de ſeen, away I ſtray'd,
And met a **Quack** in *Pluſh* array'd,
With Crouds of People at his Heels,
Like a *Scotch Meeting* in the Fields.
With Looks Demure he made a ſtand,
Taking his Hat into his Hand;
And to the People thus held forth,
My Friends did you but know the worth,
The value of theſe *Engliſh* Spaws,
With nothing elſe you'd fill your Maws.
So Medicinal, and ſo good,
'Tis better for you than your Food.
At which a general Hum went round,
That made the Neighbouring Fields Reſound.
The Doctor when the noiſe was done,
Made Reverend Scrape, and thus went on,
If Barren Womb does want ſpecifick,
To make her Fruitful and Prolifick;
Theſe *Waters* will effect the Cure
In nine Months time you may beſure.
They eaſe the *Gout* and alſo *Claps*,
Beyond the danger of *Relaps*.
People may talk of *Epſom Wells*,
Or *Tunbridge Springs* which moſt Excells,
I'le tell you by my ten years practice
Plainly what the matter of fact is.
Thoſe are but good for one Diſeaſe,
To all Diſtempers this gives Eaſe.
But in the midſt of this Oration
A Roguiſh Cheat had fixt his Station,
Cloſe by the Learned Doctors ſide
Whoſe Pocketts both were well Suppli'd.
And in a trice he ſtole a way
The ready Caſh he'd gain'd that Day.
I had no ſooner left this Place,
But walking on with gentle pace,
And Muſing Thoughts that oft do Clog us,
I ſtep'd into the Womens *Boghouſe*:
Where four or five together ſat,
Like Hunted *Hares* upon the Squat.
But ſtrait endeavouring to retire,
They flew upon me with ſuch Ire;
Threatning my Carkaſs down to fling,
And make me ſavour worſe than *Ling*.
With much ado I ſcap'd the Danger,
And fled like *Lightning* from their Anger:
Reſolving when I had reacht the Door,
To ſee thoſe Shitten *Wells* no more.

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